

La rap'tich'chie, la paqu'thie et la dépaqu'thie

D'pis d's années ma bouonnefemme et mé avions ieu eune "stratégie" à r'muer d'vent qu'jé d'vînssions trop vyis ou trop faibl'yes pouor nos débreûler dans not' actuelle maison.

Véthe, j'aimions bein not' maison auve sa touothelle, son écalyi en touothâle et san génértheux parleux. Jé d'meuthions là duthant dgiêx-huit ans. J'aimions bein la pâraisse d'la Trinneté étout. Mais j'déciâinmes d'èrchèrchi eune bijuque, eune maison auve raîqu'eune aithe. Mais ditelles maisons sont hardi rares – pus rares qué l's annîmaux siez Durrell, j'crais.

Auprès d's années j'trouvînmes un "bungallow" à Saint Saûveux. Bein p'tit seûthement, mais joli. I' s'trouve à Maufant dans eune p'tite tchiéthiéthe justément auprés la "vaque pliastique" et vis-à-vis un grand clios pouor les vaques.

I'faut qu'ou compranniez qué duthant not' grand tour du monde dé 1975 à 2004 auve la banque, ch'tait à mé à p'rsuader man emploieux dans châque pays dé prendre à louage eune maison grande assez pouor cont'nîn tout not' bataclian. Avau l's années et l'arrivée d' trais êfants, lé bataclian, comme la Grande Barriéthe dé Corail, crut.

En 2004, quand jé d'vînmes "qualifiés" et qué j'pûmes acater not' propre maison, ch'tait tchestchion d'nos défaithe d'un montant suffisant d'beins à seule fin qué l's autres pûssent pâsser d'dans.

Mais achteu, Il est tchestion d'èrmuer d'eune maison dé trais mille pids carrés à eune maison dé mille cinquante pids carrés. Assa, ch'est L'Heuthe dé la Grande Rap'tich'chie.

Mais tchi rap'tich'chie! J'donnînmes à Mess. Syvret un tas d'livres, suffisant pouor faithe ieune dé ses ventes d'la part des tchians d'aveugles, j'crais. Et si la boutique tchi vend les choses dé s'gonde main d'la part dé la société pouor protégi l's annîmaux peut vendre tous les fas qué j'lus ai donné et qué j' soulais porter quand jé p'sais vîngt kilos d'pus, j'crains qu'les gens s'sont êmèrvilyis d' vaie un tas d' Hommes Michelin sé prom'nant dans les pâraisses du Nord!

Etout j'dîmes à nos êfants qu'i' r'chévthaient un mio d' lus héthitage dé bouonne heuthe. Hélas, il' attendaient des sous: i' r'chûtent dé la vaisselle et d' la vèrr'rie!

Auprés la rap'tich'chie vînt la paqu'thie auve un tas dé boêtes dé carton. Dans not'vielle maison ch'n'étais pas un grand probléme. Mais auprés la r'meûthie à not' "caumine", i' nos fallut faithe un slalom parmi les canyons dé boêtes. Mînséthicordieusement la plupart des boêtes avaient attéri dans les corrects appartéments don j' n'avions pas à transporter des boêtes d'un appartément à un autre d'vent d'les dépatchi.

Mais La Grande Dépaqu'thie est aussi duthe comme la rap'tich'chie. Natuthellement ch'est ma bouonfemme tchi plannit tout, mais même lyi eut des diffitchultés à trouver eune pliaiche pouor tout. Tchi qu'i' savait qu' j'avais un tel tas dé c'mînses? Pouortchi ai-je tant dé jaunes cliut'rêsses? Où'est qu'i' sont les douze bouteilles dé champagne? Ah, touos ches problèmes du Preunmié Monde!

J'espéthe qué tout s'sa appathilyi d'ichîn Noué....2023!

Shrinking, packing and unpacking

For years my wife and I have had a strategy: that we should move house before we became too old or too weak to manage in our present house.

To be sure, we loved our house with its tourelle, its spiral staircase and its generous lounge. We lived there for eighteen years. We also loved the Parish of Trinity. But we had decided to look for a bungalow, a house with one floor. But houses like that are rare, rarer, I believe, than the animals at Durrell.

After some years we found a bungalow in St Saviour. Small, for sure, but pretty. It's at Maufant, down a small cart track just after the "plastic cow" and opposite a big field for cows.

You must understand that during our grand tour around the world from 1975 to 2004 with the bank it was my job to persuade my employer in each country to rent us a house big enough to hold all our belongings. Down the years, and with the arrival of three children the belongings, like the Great Barrier Reef, grew.

In 2004 after we got our "quallies" and were able to buy a house of our own, then it became a question of getting rid of enough belongings to fit the remainder in.

But now it was a question of moving from a house of three thousand square feet to one of fifteen hundred square feet. So, it was time for The Great Shrinking.

But what a shrinking! We gave Mr Syvret enough books for an entire sale on behalf of the guide dogs, I think. And if the shop that sells second-hand items on behalf of the JSPCA is able to sell all the suits I gave it which I wore when I weighed twenty kilos more, I fear that people are going to be astonished to see a whole lot of Michelin Men walking around the northern parishes!

In addition, we also told our children that they would be getting some of their inheritance early. Alas they were expecting money: they received crockery and glassware!

After shrinking came packing with a lot of cardboard boxes. In our old house that wasn't a big problem, but after moving to our 'cottage' we had to slalom through canyons of boxes. Mercifully most of the boxes had landed in the right rooms so we didn't have to carry them from one room to another before unpacking them.

But the Great Unpacking is as difficult as shrinking. Naturally my wife had everything planned, but even she had difficulty finding a place for everything. Who knew I had so many shirts? Why have I got so many Post-It notes? Where are the twelve bottles of champagne? Ah, all these First World problems!

I hope that everything will be sorted out by Christmas....2023!